



Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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ON THE CAUSES AND EFFECTS OF  
EARLY MARRIAGES.

(Concluded.)

THE captain seized the oars, and rowed with all his might towards the vessel, which lay at the distance of about half a mile from the shore. The moon shone in an unclouded sky, and cast its yellow light by partial flakes on all the scenery. The fields that rose from the shore, glittered in their garbs of light green; and hanging woods, on a hundred hills, served only as a contrast to the white buildings which peeped from among their dark recesses. All was still and clear, except where at a distance a dewy mist enveloped in a picturesque obscurity, the rising banks of distant eminences. The light shone full on the face of Charles. His eyes were fixed on the water, regardless of the lovely burthen which he was ferrying to his ship; a heavy gloom sat upon his brow, and Ellen contemplated with increasing alarm, the melancholy that appeared to have settled in his heart. The moon-beam glit-

tered on his eye, but darkness was over his soul. The silver rays danced on the water to the splashing of the regular oar, but all was stillness and sorrow, in the bosom of the sailor.

And now they were under the ship, and they ascended its high side. The Captain stepped upon the deck, and, calling to him one of his officers, gave directions that Ellen should be taken care of, and provided for, as one of the crew. He then said that he felt himself a little indisposed, and would retire to his cabin for a couple of hours repose. Ellen, unsolicitous for her own fate, kept her eyes still fixed upon Charles; she had marked his fixed and melancholy aspect, and the most horrible suspicions now rushed upon her mind. She slipped from among the sailors on the deck, and following the Captain to his cabin, saw him enter and fasten his door. She looked about for another entrance, but, to her inexpressible sorrow and dismay, no other door was to be found. At last she observed that a hole had been eaten away, probably by rats, in the wooden partition that formed one side of the cabin, which was large enough to admit

a body's passing through. Against it, and on the inside of the room, was leaning a mattress, which had been placed there to keep out the air. She gently moved back the mattress, and peeping through the open place, discovered her Charles, sitting with his back towards her, and examining the contents of a medicine chest which stood upon a table before him. Her blood curdled at the sight—for this too cruelly confirmed the suspicions that she before had entertained.—Breathless with terror, she had still the presence of mind slowly to move away the mattress, so far as to gain entrance into the cabin.—She stood stooping behind the mattress, observing what farther steps the captain would take, when she saw him empty a phial into a cup; then, suddenly starting, he reached a pistol from a shelf that was above him.

"This," exclaimed he, "will do my business more quickly than the laudanum," and as he spoke, he cocked the pistol. "Yet, no," continued he, "the noise will alarm my crew, and if it fails in its direction, I shall yet be prevented from throwing away my burthen, and wretched existence; that cup will be slower in operation, but certain in destruction, as the silent course of time itself.—Come, then, consoling draught, to quench the flame that burns within my veins, and parches up my soul. Come, thou friendly cup, in which, for the last time, I will

pledge myself to her who has forfeited her pledges to me. I have sung her name when gay carousals have challenged every guest to competition for the pre-eminence in female favour, when every youth has extolled above others the partner, or the mistress of his heart. And shall I not pronounce it now, when I am going to seek those dark abodes, where the voice of merriment is quiet, and the banquet is the banquet of worms? Yes, yes, Maria, I have loved thee living, and in death I will love thee still—and still will I curse the spirit of avarice and ambition to whom young love has been offered a premature and memorable sacrifice. Maria! Maria! for ever adieu! When, in the pride and pomp of opulence, amid the splendid pageantry of Spanish festival, and the halls of polished marble, the carpets of richly wrought tapestry, and the swelling train of gorgeous domestics, you and your hated husband shall hear the sad intelligence of my untimely death—will not the festival seem to you my funeral pomp? Will not the marble hall strike you with a monumental chill? Will not the flowing tapestry represent my pall, and the train of servants my procession of mourners? Then, then, Don Pedro, when thou knowest the mischief thy lingering desires have effected, then shalt thou feel, and oh! mayest thou feel it keenly, the curse of heaven upon thee and thy possessions, thou hoary sinner! And thou, Maria! sad victim of a



father's tyranny, and of a dotard's lust ! wilt thou shed a few kind tears upon the flowers that spring about my tomb, and reflect, for a sorrowful hour, upon the days when love and hope sprang together in our hearts, like the flowers which thy tears bedew ? Wilt thou remember those sad lines over which we have so often wept in sympathy together ?

“ Say, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed  
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed,  
When I, sequester'd from the world and thee,  
Shall lay my head beneath the willow tree ? ”  
Wilt thou, sweet mourner, at my tomb appear,  
And sooth my parted spirit lingering near ?  
With aching temples on thy hand reclin'd,  
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,  
Beneath a deep sigh, to winds that murmur low,  
And think on all my love, and all my woe ? ”

“ Oh God ! the picture I have drawn is too shocking even for my own view. Once more, Maria, farewell ! ”

As he spoke these words, he leaned against the back of his chair ; in his right hand was still the pistol that he had apostrophised, and with his left he snatched the cup from the table before him. He was in the act of lifting it to his mouth, when Ellen, rush-

ing from her concealment, stood at the back of his chair, and dashed the cup from his hand. The violence of the motion occasioned Charles to start involuntarily ; in the hurry and agitation of that start, the pistol in his hand went off : he heard a loud shriek, and Ellen lay extended before him. The ball had entered the bosom of the unfortunate girl, and she was now dying at the feet of the man whom her heedless ardour had preserved from suicide. The crew, alarmed by the report of the pistol, had broken open the door, and surrounded the unhappy pair ; but what was their amazement, when the disorder of Ellen's dress, occasioned by the wound in her breast, discovered to them the sex of their new companion ! The Captain sunk speechless upon a chair ; in the mean time, the sailors had lifted Ellen from the ground, and a surgeon was examining her wound. He pronounced it mortal !

She had but a few minutes to live—and she related the cause of her death, and completely exculpated Charles, on whom, of course, the suspicions of every one had fallen. When she had concluded her story she said,

“ Let my unfortunate death, and the cause that led to my rash adventure, be generally made known. I now, too late, perceive the indelicacy of the measure which I have adopted, and perhaps the relation

of a history like mine, may caution some romantic girl, who hereafter shall, like me, design such wild and idle schemes, from rushing on the misery which sooner or later must be the consequence of her conduct. If some such thoughtless female should be saved by my bitter and premature experience, I shall not have died entirely in vain. And now, since in death I may without shame confess my love, now farewell, dearest Charles. I am dying for you, and if you feel grateful to me——"

"Grateful," interrupted Charles bursting into tears—"grateful!—Oh God! what shall I say? What can I do? Whither shall I fly? Oh that my life, instead of thine, lovely, too tender Ellen——."

"Be calm, I conjure you, answered she—I am dying for you—in return, I conjure you to live for me. For the rash act which you attempted, you already are punished by my misfortune. May heaven there bid its vengeance pause. Live, live, for your Maria. She may at some time again be free—perhaps be yours. May she possess, undisturbed, that heart which can never be mine.—May she make you as happy as you deserve, and long, long——"

Here the tide of life which had been rapidly ebbing, became totally exhausted: she threw her eyes with a glance of inexpressible tenderness on Charles, who was now on his knees, supporting her

in his arms; and, falling backwards upon his breast, expired without a sigh.

For some moments Charles gazed on the lifeless Ellen with speechless agony. He clasped her fondly to his breast, and kissed the wound that occasioned her death. At length he allowed the body to be removed from his room, and was persuaded by some of the officers to accept of medical assistance. Proper remedies were applied to him; but his constitution, which had suffered greatly from the shocks of the last few hours, was so materially impaired, that it was long before any medicine or restorative could bring back his wonted appetite and colour.

In the mean time, the body of Ellen was treated with every possible care, and buried on shore with all the ceremonies due to her unfortunate fate, and constant attachment. Charles went as chief mourner, and the ship's crew, dressed in their white and blue uniforms, attended the funeral, in token of deference to their captain.

The fleet was ordered from its station in the West Indies, and the Captain, by the aid of time and the bustle of business, recovered at length that cheerfulness which Providence has kindly ordained to return even after the heaviest shocks of affliction. Wretched, indeed, would be the lot of man—beyond the gloomy pictures of the misanthrope, beyond the mournful



effusions of the poet, if the mind would preserve undiminished the impressions of past woe, and still lie open for the accumulation of sorrow that flying years shake from their pinions as they pass.

Who shall describe the feelings with which Maria received the melancholy tidings of the death of Ellen, which her husband and father had in vain endeavoured to keep a secret from her. Reproaches and regrets were all in vain; yet Maria could not forbear lamenting the want of fortitude, which, at the end of a short confinement, had induced her to accept of a husband whom she never loved, and whose treatment had now made her abhor him. It is true she was mistress of his fine estates, and splendid establishment, but such a husband was a clog, a weight that she dragged about with her every where. Had Ellen been with her, she might have in some degree alleviated, by partaking her sorrows; but though she mourned for Ellen's death, she could not help feeling a secret satisfaction that the unhappy girl was not united to Charles; for Maria yet cherished a hope, that at some period or other, she should still be united to him herself. Yet her grief was not the less sincere; she shut herself in her room for several days, and refused admittance to every one; she kissed a thousand times the little relics of her Ellen's work, which she still preserved; and it was with great difficulty

that her husband and her father prevented her from travelling to the other extremity of the island, to weep over her grave, and water the flowers that sprang round it. The feelings of Don Pedro were of a different description. His mind assumed every day a tone more heavy and sullen, and he seemed as much disposed to regret his own misery, as to repent of the misery he had caused to others. Mr. M. who, with all his harshness, was a weak-minded and superstitious man, apprehended some judgment from heaven; the ghost of Ellen haunted his dreams, and the complaints of his daughter irritated him by day. Thus all parties were equally wretched, when, after a lapse of several years, all of the same dark and sombre hue, a considerable change for the better was effected in the prospects of Maria by the death of her aged husband.

Shortly after the death of Don Pedro, Maria was strolling along the side of the sea, meditating on the event which had set her once more at liberty. She was unattended, and, as she mused on her own fortune, she felt a strong desire of learning what had been the fate of her beloved Charles. My condition, thought she, is now, it must be owned, far happier than it was when my husband was alive—yet even now I feel a void in my heart, which, methinks Charles can alone supply. Yes, if ever I again should be so happy as to meet with him, not all the dread

of my father's resentment shall influence me to abandon the only chance of happiness that now remains for me. I am of age, and mistress of my own fortune ; to restraint I will no longer submit. Yet I will not willingly incense my father. I will go to him, and by gradual confessions, explain to him the state of my affections. As she spoke these words, she was turning to seek her father, who was at that time on a visit of a few days at her house, when, from behind a clump of trees at the water's edge, she saw a boat appear with two men in it. One of them jumped on shore, and left his companion in charge of the vessel. He stopped a moment on the bank, and looking around him, exclaimed, "This must surely be the spot ! yes, this is the house of the wealthy Don Pedro, hated name ! I will wander round the grounds, and endeavour to catch, unseen, one look of Maria, my still dear Maria, and fly for ever from a spot which contains my heart's dearest jewel, the prize of another." Maria in astonishment stepped forward, and what was her joy and surprise, when, in the utterer of the foregoing soliloquy, she recognized captain T. ! In a few words she explained to him the circumstances of her situation ; and he, on the other hand, informed her, that having again been sent out upon naval duty, at a distance of only a few miles from that part of the island where she resided, he had not been able to resist the temptation of en-

deavouring, once more, to see the dear object who was still the mistress of his heart. In conversations of the most delightful nature did they pass away several hours, when they were alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps, and by the voice of Mr. M. who was heard calling upon Maria. The length of her absence had excited alarm, and Mr. M. with a number of servants, had been searching the environs of the house for a considerable time. Maria, when she heard the voice of her father, was much alarmed.—"For Heaven's sake, Charles, exclaimed she, if you do not wish to ruin me, fly—hide yourself in those trees !" He shot into the underwood, but not so quickly as to escape the notice of Mr. M.—"Oh, father, said Maria, running towards him, I am delighted to see you ! I had been wandering alone, till I had completely lost my way." "Who is that ?" said Mr. M. pointing to the thicket, whose leaves imperfectly concealed the Captain. "Who ? where ?" said Maria, counterfeiting great alarm and surprise. And the captain, who found that concealment was impossible, stepped forward.

When the passionate old man recognised the former lover of his daughter, he was convinced that Maria was secretly intriguing with him : he would have demanded an explanation, but the violence of his rage choked his utterance, and suspended his breath. The



shock was too violent for his constitution, and he sunk insensibly upon the ground ;—while Charles, promising to come the next morning in disguise to the house, took advantage of Mr. M.'s fit to escape by the boat which was waiting for him. By this time, some of the servants who had been sent in search of Maria, had come up, and by her directions conveyed Mr. M. to the house. The faintness which had overcome him, together with the damp of the evening air, settled upon his frame ; he was shortly in a high fever—he languished three days ; and after bestowing his benediction upon Maria, he entreated her forgiveness for the injuries which he had done to her peace, and expired.

Maria was long inconsolable ; and Charles, the innocent cause of Mr. M.'s death, for a great while reproached himself incessantly—but, at length the healing powers of time and religion, closed all the wounds of their hearts, and they sometimes breathed a sigh to the memory of the unhappy Ellen ; yet, on the whole, they were truly blest in that union which had been the fondest hope of their youth, as it was afterwards the rational enjoyment of their age.

So much for parental coercion.

THE cruelty of the effeminate, is more dreadful than that of the hardy.

#### PROGRESS TO BANKRUPTCY,

Of a diligent,  
Sober, young tradesman, without loss,  
misfortune, or evil intention.

A YOUNG man, of good character, sets up in business, with a moderate capital, and a good deal of credit, and soon after marries a young woman, with whom he gets a little ready money, and has good expectations on the death of a father, mother, uncle, or aunt. In two or three years he finds that his business increases ; but his own health, or his wife's, or his child's, makes it necessary for him to take lodgings in the country. Lodgings are found to be inconvenient, and for a very small additional expence, he might have a snug little box of his own. A snug little box is taken, repaired, new modelled, and furnished. Here he always spends his Sundays, and commonly carries a friend or two with him, just to eat a bit of mutton, and to see how comfortably he is situated in the country. Visitors of this sort are not wanting. One is invited because he is a customer—another, because he may assist him in his business—a third, because he is a relation of his own, or his wife's—a fourth, because he is an old acquaintance—and a fifth, because he is very entertaining ; besides many who look in accidentally, and are prevailed on to dinner, although they have an engagement somewhere else.

He now keeps his horse for the

sake of exercise. But as this is a solitary kind of pleasure, which his wife cannot share, and as the expense of a chair can be but trifling, where a horse is already kept, a chair is purchased, in which he takes out his wife and his child, as often as his time will permit. After all, driving a chair is but indifferent amusement to sober people. His wife is too timorous, and ever since she heard of Mrs. Threadneedle's accident by the stumbling of her horse, will not set her foot in one; besides, the expense of a horse and chair, with what is occasionally spent in coach-hire, falls so little short of what his friend, Mr. Harness, asks for a job-coach, that it would be ridiculous not to accept of an offer that never might be made again. The job-coach is agreed for: and the boy in a plain coat, with a red cape to it, who used to clean knives, wait at table, and look after the horse, becomes a smart footman, with a handsome livery.

The snug little box is now too small for so large a family. There is a charming house, with a garden, and two or three acres of land, rather farther from town, but delightfully situated, the unexpired lease of which might be had a great bargain. The premises, to be sure, are somewhat more extensive than he should want; but the house is new, and, for a moderate expense, might be put into excellent repair. Hither he removes, hires a gardner, being fond

of botany, and supplies his table with every thing in season, for little more than double the money the articles would have cost him, if he went to market for them. Every thing about him now seems comfortable; but his friend Harness does not treat him so well as he expected. His horses are often ill matched; and the coachman sometimes even peremptorily refuses to drive them a few miles extraordinary, "for why he's answerable to master for the poor beasts." His expenses, it is true, are as much as he can afford; but having coach-house and stables of his own, with two or three acres of excellent grass, he might certainly keep his own coach and horses, for less money than he pays to Harness. A rich relation of his wife's, too, is dying, and has often promised to leave her something handsome. The job-coach is discharged; he keeps his own carriage; and his wife is now able to pay and receive many more visits, than she could before. Yet he finds by experience, that an airing in a carriage, is but a bad substitute for a ride on horseback, in the way of exercise. He must have a saddle horse; and subscribes to a neighbouring hunt for his own sake, and to the nearest assemblies, for the sake of his wife.

During this progress, his business has not been neglected; but his capital, originally small, has never been augmented. His wife's rich relations die, one after ano-



ther, and remember her only by trifling legacies ; his expences are evidently greater than his income ; and, in a very few years, with the best intentions in the world, and wanting no good qualities, but foresight to avoid, or resolution to retrench, expenses which his business cannot support, his country-house and equipage, assisted by the many good friends who almost constantly dine with him, drive him fairly into the gazette. The country-house is let, the equipage sold—his friends shrug up their shoulders—enquire for how much he failed—wonder it was not for more—say, he was a good creature, and an honest creature ; but they always thought it would come to this—pity him from their souls—hope his creditors will be favourable to him—and go to find dinners elsewhere.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

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VARIETY.

.....  
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.  
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MASONIC SONG.

Tune—"To-morrow."

While through the crook'd paths of this  
world I am travelling,  
To soften each canker of care,  
Grant me this fond wish, while my life's  
thread is ravelling,  
With Masons my leisure to share ;

For there true enjoyment is e'er to be  
found,

And nought that gives being to sor-  
row,

No maxim they hold that is false or un-  
sound,

Or would call up a blush on the mor-  
row.

When met they are orderly, social, and  
happy,

Pure morals with mirth they com-  
bine ;

And tho' each may enjoy his good wine  
or brown nappy,

They bend not at Bacchus's shrine ;  
Blest friendship and love still presides at  
their board,

No brow is there mark'd by a fur-  
row ;

Such sweet recreation their meetings af-  
ford,

As prepares them for toil on the mor-  
row.

Let such as experience ne'er taught to  
revere them,

Condemn what they don't understand ;  
Their mysteries still to each other en-  
dear them,

Reveal'd by a touch of the hand ;  
Then fill high your bumpers, this toast  
shou'd go round—

' May Masons ne'er feel want or sor-  
row !

May their conduct still prove their in-  
tegrity sound,

And their joys still increase on the  
morrow !

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NOVICE.

ENVY deserves pity more than  
anger, for it hurts nobody so much  
as itself. It is a distemper rather  
than a vice ; for nobody would feel  
envy if he could help it. Whoever  
envies another secretly, allows that  
person's superiority.

## MAGNANIMITY.

THE reputable Malaret was in the prison reposing himself upon his bed of grief, when he heard a terrible cry from an adjoining apartment; he arose and walked as fast as his great age would permit, to the chamber of the unhappy prisoner, from whence it proceeded—and whom did he see there but Lebois,\* who had been brought to prison that morning, and to whom they had forgotten to bring the ordinary ration of provisions. Hunger tormented him horribly, and drew from him such piercing cries as excited the attention and pity of Malaret. It was in vain that he represented to him, at this late hour, (ten o'clock at night) they would bring him not nothing to eat; Lebois looked at him with eyes as wild as fire, and then began to howl like a wild beast.—Come with me, said the old man, I can give you something to comfort you. He took him by his arm, and led him to his chamber, when he opened a small closet, and said to him, there is what is left of my dinner, one half of a chicken, a piece of bread, and one half a bottle of good old wine; eat, drink, and leave the rest to Providence. Lebois devoured all in the twinkling of an eye, and was going to thank his benefactor, when he addressed him in a solemn tone.

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\* This Lebois was one of the blood-thirsty monsters of Robespierre's reign.

Do you know, citizen Lebois, in what chamber you are? No; answered he, coolly. You are in the chamber of that unhappy king you so cruelly —. There is the place where hung the crucifix, that was his only consolation in his long sufferings. There is the door where he used to go and see his wife and children; and there is the door through which he was conducted to the scaffold! Well, what is all that to me? answered Lebois. And do you know to whom you are speaking? I speak to a brave man, who has just given me something to eat, that has saved me from starving—but I know no more. You are speaking to Malaret, archdeacon of Paris—one of those men who you have never ceased to persecute as so many tigers, traitors, and conspirators. You speak to a man whom you have personally twice tried to assassinate, and this same man esteems himself happy to have rendered you a small service, at the expence of losing his dinner to-morrow.

## REPARTEE.

A lady who not long since visited Harrowgate Springs, expatiating on the superior efficacy of the Ballston Spa, in order to substantiate her position, added—"the *dollars* are all left at Ballston." "Yes, madam," very gravely replied Mr. Cowley, the keeper of Harrowgate, "the *healthy* leave their *dollars* at Ballston, and the



lame leave their crutches at Harrowgate.'

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THE PRETENDER, AND A POOR GENTLEMAN.

A poor gentleman, who had taken no part in the rebellion, whose humanity had led him to relieve the necessities of Charles, being apprehended before a court of justice, was asked how he dared to assist the king's greatest enemy, and why, having always appeared to be a loyal subject, he did not deliver up the pretender, and claim the reward of thirty-thousand pounds, offered by government for his person? "I only gave him," replied the prisoner, "what nature seemed to require—a night's lodging, and a humble repast. And who among my judges, though poor as I am, would have sought to acquire riches, by violating the rights of hospitality, in order to earn the price of blood?" The court was filled with confusion, and amazement at the simple eloquence of this untutored orator; the suit was dismissed, and the prisoner set free. So much stronger an impression does fellow-feeling, and a sense of natural equity make on the human breast, than the dictates of political law, though enforced by the greatest rewards, or the severest punishment.

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*Catharine, Empress of Russia.*

It was the error of Catharine, and it has ever been the error of

all despots, to think that every thing is to be accomplished by their almighty fiat. The great autocratix had been informed by the printed work of an Englishman, that her subjects had discovered new dominions for her, of which she knew nothing, scientific voyages were become fashionable, and she too would send out an expedition of discovery. But Catharine had mistaken her element. Soldiers may be made by law, but sailors cannot. With the bayonet she could drive her boors upon the bayonet, and conquer by the weight of numbers, and mere physical force, but neither her decrees nor her knouts, nor even her honorary titles, could ever make a navigator. To set up a Captain Cook, was like her own imitation of Shakespeare. It is easier to destroy than to create. This unhappy woman (for what other epithet can be applied to the *dead* Catharine?) could desolate, but she could not people; she could blast the freedom and the intellectual advancement of Poland, but she could not thaw the icy ignorance of Russia. The luxuries of London, and the vices of Paris, might be transplanted to Petersburg, and would thrive there, but science is not to be so procured. Fruit may be forced in the hot-house, but they who would rear oaks, must be content to plant acorns.

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Sixtus Quintus was passionately fond of *Friday*, because it was his

birth-day, the day of his promotion to the rank of cardinal, of his election to the papacy, and of his coronation. Francis the First declared every thing succeeded with him on a Friday. Henry the Fourth loved that day better than any other, because it was on a Friday that he first saw the beautiful Marchioness of Vernueil, the greatest favourite of all his mistresses, after Gabrielle D'Estrées, whom he could never forget. He talked of her an hundred times a-day; he had her picture continually about him; and it is said his lips were imprinted upon it, at the very moment the horrid Ravillac pierced the benignant heart of that excellent monarch.

But, in Spain, if any person happens to fall sick on a Friday, it is the wicked Friday that occasioned the illness—when any one dies on a Friday, it was the destructive Friday that gave Death the signal to carry off the sick man. Whoever is cast in a law-suit, lays all the blame on Friday; the influence of unlucky Friday is accused of every cross accident and misfortune that happens to a Spaniard. Yet, amidst this gross superstition, we find some atheists!—who believe in nothing! nothing whatever!—Ah! poor creatures! they are most heartily to be pitied!

The celebrated Prince de Condé, in the latter part of his life, was very lame with the gout; and was one day in that situation apo-

logizing to the king, for making him wait at the top of the great stair-case at Versailles, which he was ascending very slowly, "Alas! my cousin," replied Louis XIV. "who, that is so loaded with laurels as yourself, can walk fast."

Since the rich man was reputed for honourable, and that worship, superiority, and attendance, depended upon wealth, then began virtue to play bankrupt, poverty to be disgraceful, and free language to be accounted malicious forwardness; whereby it came to pass that youth, by superfluity, grew *luxurious, proud, and yet penurious*, given to extortion, yet prodigal—of their own estates, unthrifty; of another man's, extremely covetous; of modesty, and civil behaviour, exceedingly negligent; in divine and human offices, exceedingly indifferent; in discretion and moderation, careless.

*Poetical extracts.*

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,  
Where love has been receiv'd a welcome guest;  
As wandering saints, poor huts have sacred made,  
He hallows every breast he once has sway'd.  
So when his presence we no longer share,  
Still leaves compassion as a relic there!

*R. B. Sheridan.*

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,  
Lord of the lion-heart, and eagle-eye;  
Thee will I follow, with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky!

*Mary Robinson.*



## THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

LET fancy now present a woman with a tolerable understanding, (for I do not wish to leave the line of mediocrity) whose constitution, strengthened by exercise, has allowed her body to acquire its full vigour; her mind at the same time gradually expanding itself, to comprehend the moral duties of life, and in what human virtue and dignity consist. Formed thus for the discharge of the relative duties of her station, she marries from affection, without losing sight of prudence; and, looking beyond matrimonial felicity, she secures her husband's respect before it is necessary to exert mean arts to please him, and feed a dying flame which nature doomed to expire when the object became familiar, when friendship and forbearance take place of a more ardent affection. This is the natural death of love, and domestic peace is not destroyed by struggles to prevent extinction. I also suppose the husband to be virtuous or she is still more in want of independent principles. Fate, however, breaks this tie. She is left a widow, perhaps without a sufficient provision; but she is not desolate! The pang of nature is felt; but after time has softened sorrow into melancholy resignation, her heart turns to her children with redoubled fondness; and, anxious to provide for them, affection gives a sacred heroic cast to her maternal duties. She thinks

that not only the eye sees her virtuous efforts from whom all her comfort must now flow, and whose approbation is life; but her imagination, a little abstracted and exalted by grief, dwells on the fond hope, that the eyes which her trembling hand closed, may still see how she subdues every wayward passion, to fulfil the double duty of being the father, as well as the mother, of her children. Raised to heroism by misfortune, she represses the first faint dawning of a natural inclination, before it ripens into love; and, in the bloom of life, forgets the pleasures of an awakening passion, which might again have been inspired and returned. She no longer thinks of pleasing, and conscious dignity prevents her from priding herself on account of the praise which her conduct demands. Her children have her love, and her brightest hopes are beyond the grave, where her imagination often strays.

I think I see her, surrounded by her children, reaping the reward of her care. The intelligent eye meets hers, whilst health and innocence smile on their chubby cheeks; and, as they grow up, the cares of life are lessened by their grateful attention. She lives to see the virtues which she endeavoured to plant on principles, fixed into habits—to see her children attain a strength of character sufficient to enable them to endure adversity, without forgetting their mother's example.

The task of life thus fulfilled,  
she calmly waits for the sleep of  
death; and, rising from the grave,  
she may say, "behold, thou gavest  
me a talent, and here are ten ta-  
lents."

#### HENRY AND JANE.

Mark the cot on the brow of the sun-  
tinted hill,  
Where nature and art have united their  
skill,  
I find my old heart throb with extacy  
still—  
'Tis the cot where I first saw my  
Jane.

I have travell'd the mountain, the val-  
ley, the moor,  
Over tracts that were almost untravell'd  
before;  
But long years have elaps'd, since I  
view'd Fowey's shore,  
And the cot where I first saw my  
Jane.

It brings to remembrance the scenes of  
my youth;  
It reminds me of vows, that were found-  
ed in truth;  
But, alas! soon will fall before time's  
iron tooth,  
The dear cot where I first saw my  
Jane.

It remind's me of scene's upon life's  
chequer'd stage,  
Of sorrows, alas! which no time can  
assuage;  
Ah! witness the tears and the sobbings  
of age,  
Thou dear cot where I first saw my  
Jane.

My tears have ceas'd flowing—their  
fountain is dry:  
I'll lay my old limbs on the grass-plat  
here by,

And there will I languish, and there  
will I die.

Near the cot where I first saw my  
Jane.

Thus sigh'd the poor wand'rer, and, un-  
der a willow,  
He stretch'd himself forth, the cold  
earth was his pillow;  
He stretch'd himself forth at his length,  
on the plain,  
And the grave clos'd for ever on Henry  
and Jane.

#### ANECDOTE.

THE humourous Dean Swift,  
whose antipathy to fishing was well  
known, having been asked by a lit-  
tle child, what a fishing rod meant  
—"it means, my dear," said he,  
"only a long pole, with a *fool* at  
one end, and a *worm* at the other."

#### *Detached Thoughts.*

When we look at a field of corn,  
we find that those stalks which  
raise their heads highest, are the  
emptiest. The same is the case  
with men; those who assume the  
greatest consequence, have gene-  
rally the least share of judgment  
and ability.

There is no vice more insup-  
portable, and more universally ha-  
ted, than pride; it is a kind of poi-  
son, which corrupts all the good  
qualities of a man, and whatever  
merit he may otherwise possess,  
this single fault is sufficient to ren-  
der him odious, and contemptible;  
so that by pleasing himself too  
much, he displeases every one else.  
Pride is the first vice which takes



possession of the heart, because it derives its source from self-love, and it is the last that remains, whatever efforts may be made to expel it.

There are two kinds of people whom we ought never to contradict; those who are far above us, and those who are far below us.

If we examine our own thoughts, we shall find that they are principally employed on the past or the future; we seldom or ever think of the present, and if we do, it is only to enable us to lay plans for the future. Hence it happens that we never live, we always hope to live, and are preparing ourselves for being happy; but it is certain, that we never can be so, unless we fix our attention upon something solid and lasting.

It is not abundance and riches that can render us happy, but the use we make of them. Horace, therefore, is not contented with wishing wealth from the gods, he begs also that they would teach him the art of enjoying them, *opes, artemque fruendi*.

An excellent rule for living happy in society is, *never to concern one's self with the affairs of others*, unless they wish for or desire it. Under pretence of being useful, people often shew more curiosity than affection.

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#### THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Boston theatre opened on Monday last. On that evening,

Mrs. Woodham made her first appearance in Boston in the *Widow Cheerly*, and received the unanimous applause of the audience. Mr. Mills was to make his first appearance on Wednesday evening, in the character of *Howard*, in the admired comedy of the *Will*.

Our city Inspector reports the death of 29 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.

#### MARRIED,

On Sunday evening by the rev. W. Parkinson, Mr. John W. Brown, of this city, to Miss Huldah White, of Shrewsbury.

At Patterson, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Stephen Baker, of this city, to Miss Jane Van Winkle of the former place.

On Wednesday evening, Joseph Bloodgood, M. D. to Miss Hetty Cock. Mr. Thomas March, merchant, to Miss Mary Ann Sands. At the Friend's meeting house, Bridgetown, Mr. Jos. Shotwell, of this city, to Miss Deborah Fox, of that place.

#### DIED,

On Saturday morning the 17th inst. of a consumption, Miss Rebeckah Allen, in the 23rd year of her age.

THIS Miscellany is published in half-yearly volumes, at one dollar each vol.

#### TERMS.

To city residents who subscribe for one year, one dollar in advance—and the remainder at the close of the term.

Persons who reside out of the city, to pay in advance for the volume, or volumes, for which they subscribe.

Letters, *post paid*, enclosing the amt. will be strictly attended to.

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For the Lady's Miscellany.

### LINES,

*Occasioned by seeing the body of a new-born infant, which bore the appearance of having been murdered.*

OH ! sight of horror ! dreadful to behold !  
What harden'd wretch could perpetrate the deed ?

May Heav'n the barb'rous mystery unfold !

The murd'rous act may justice quick succeed !

Could not the voice of nature stay the hand,

Lifted, of life sweet innocence to rob ;

For nature has prevail'd, when Heav'n's command,

Nor pity, caus'd the flinty heart to throb !——

If, from the paths of virtue thou had'st fled,

By love deluded, or false pleasure's glare,

O wretched mother of the infant dead !

To raise the guiltless babe shou'd 'been thy care.

Mistaken wretch ! who think'st, perhaps, by this,

From lasting infamy thy name to save,

Ne'er can'st thou know of innocence the bliss ;

The bloody deed shall haunt thee to thy grave.

This piteous sight shou'd to the youthful heart

A lasting and impressive lesson prove ;  
That it should ne'er from rectitude depart,

Nor yield the reins to lustful, lawless love :

And oh ! ye fair, who justly prize your fame,

Think, that *one act* may reputation blast ;  
Too oft seducers glory in your shame !

And, virtue fled, thou'rt to destruction cast.

NOVICE.

New-York, September, 1808.

### THE BACHELOR.

" 'Tis said the portion of a wife

" Is nought but quarrelling and strife,"

OVID.

Happy the man, who, free from cares,

Passes in peace his latter years ;

Descending slow the hill of life,

Without that worst of plagues—a wife !

Him no discordant cries awake,

No children squalling for a cake :

And when his evening rest he takes,

No scolding wife his slumber breaks.

He sleeps upon his couch at ease,

Whilst all is quiet—all is peace :

No sons, impatient for his death,

Anxious await his parting breath.

The bachelor considers this

The height of every human bliss ;

He treads the mazy paths of life,

Unblest by Heaven's best gift,—a wife,

Whose heart an equal share sustains

In all his joys, in all his pains ;

No infant lips (in accents mild)

Lips out " Papa !"—He has no child !

No daughter tends his latter days,

No son a father's care repays ;

Unfelt the choicest gift of Jove,

He knows not what it is—to love !

E. A.